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**PANEGYRICK**

ON

**HIS EXCELLENCY**

**The LORD GENERAL**

**GEORGE MONCK:**

**Commander in Chief of all the Forces**

**IN**

**ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,**

**AND**

**IRELAND.**

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**LONDON,**

*Printed for Richard Marriot in Fleetstreet, 1659.*

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Printed for Richard Motte in Kingston, 1699.



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GEORGE MONCK.



IF ENGLAND'S bleeding Story may  
transmit

One Renown'd Name to Time, Yours  
must be it:

Who with such Art dost heal, that we resound;

Next to our Cure, the glory of our Wound.

Thou sav'st three shatter'd KINGDOMS gasping Life,

Yet from our desperate Gangrene keep'st thy Knives

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And

And though each searching Weapon fallied stand,  
 And all Fates keen Artillery wait at hand :  
 Thou curb'st those Terrors from inflicting harms;  
 Swords are Thy Instruments, but not Thy Armes.  
 Thou with Thy Pause and Treary rout'st Thy Foes ;  
 And Thy tame Conference a Conquest growes.  
 With the Great *Fabius* then advance Thy Bayes,  
 Who sinking *Rome* restor'd by wise Delays.  
 Let other Victors count their Dead, and lay  
 Sad Wreaths of conscious Lawrel, where they slay ;  
 Whilest Thou alone Dry Trophies dost assume,  
 They know to Kill, but Thou to Overcome.

Hence, though some foming spleens and working hates  
 Make Thee the *Sampson* to our Citie Gates ;  
 At length Thou introducest cooler Votes,  
 To be the temper to impetuous Throats,

Choosing

Choosing that safe Sobriety of thy way,  
Not to Eject their fury, but Allay.

With like inspired Prudence didst Thou guide  
Thy doubtful Answers, when their fears apply'd  
Their subt'lest Emissaries to disclose,  
Which struggling Cause Thy Courage would oppose.  
When though Thy innocent breast resolv'd stood  
The steady Bulwork of the General Good;  
Thy then unripe Affairs left them such scope,  
That who deserv'd no help, might still have hope.

The Superstitious thus return'd of old  
From their consulted Oracles, that unfold  
Two-handed Fares, which when they false appear,  
*Delphos* spake true, false the Interpreter.  
*Apollon's* awful Tripod would not lye,  
Yet the Receivers sense might mis-apply.

So Thy Consultors from their proud hopes fell :

They gave Delusion, Thou gav'st Oracle,

Hence secret trains and snares Thy steps pursue :

So dangerous 'mongst the False 'tis to be True.

Return, Return ! and shroud Thy env'y'd Name,

In those glad Roofs thy sole Arms screen'd from flame.

Thus threat'ned *TROY* no stronger Fortress seeks

Than her *Palladium*, 'gainst the treacherous Greeks.

And that *Palladium* ne'er was seen no more,

When once by Rapine from the Temple tore.

What she to *Troy*, *Troy* did to her become,

And was the *Pallas* to *Palladium*.

Thence did their mutual Protections start,

Together both, neither were safe apart.

So Thou without *Id* safe canst hardly be,

And we despise all safety without Thee.

Return,

Return, Return ! Enshrine Thy Glories here,  
 Thou, whom both Seas and Shore do love and fear.  
 'Midst Triumphs great, like those, Thy Valor stood,  
 Whilst *Holland's* faithless Gore did stain the Floud:  
 When Thy bold Shot made their proud Vessels creep,  
 And cleanse their guilty Navie in the Deep.  
 Let Land and Waters yet thy Deeds proclaim,  
 Till Nature mints more Elements for Thy F A M E.

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*FINIS.*

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